

The BITER BITTEN,

OR,

The Broker well-fitted by the Joyner, and the Joyners Wife.

*This Crafty Knave, thought to Inslave,
in sending for his Wife;*

To the Tune of, The two English Travellers.

*The Gold they keep, and he may Weep,
so mend his Wicked Life.*

This may be Printed, R. P.



A lusty stout Joyner he had a fair Wife.
A Broker he loved as dear as his life;
He sought by all cunning how he might inshare,
And draw into evil this beautiful fair.

The Broker he courted this beautiful dame,
So hot and so eager he was at the game;
He laid twenty Guineys on thee I'll bestow;
If thou wilt be willing some kindness to show.
With modest behaviour his suit she deny'd,
And would in his presence no longer abide;
But telling her husband for what he did sue,
And likewise the Guineys he proffer'd her too.

The Joyner he smiled when hearing this news,
And likewise was loath such a booty to lose;
He bid her seem willing to take the reward,
And tell him at night you will kindness afford.

Now by his inventions a share he had laid;
Wherein this rich Broker in short was betray'd;
Next proffer of kindness, she ceasing to frown,
Ask him for his Guineys he tender'd them down.

Then home to her chamber she did him invite,
To come about eight of the clock in the night;
For my unkind husband hath taken his room,
To see his relations and left me at home.

The Broker he kiss her and caper'd for joy,
Because she no longer did seem to be coy;
He thought e'ry hour as long as a day,
But now you shall hear how they did him betray.

The long lookt for hour at length he beheld,
His heart with abundance of joy then was fill'd;
She shew'd him his lodging where he was to lie,

while he lay expecting his Amorous Dame,
They sent for his Wife, who immediately came;
To whom the whole story at length they did tell,
And bid her with patience her sorrow expell.

His Wife was amazed at what they had told,
And being resolv'd likewise to behold:

The depth of this frolick before she did go,
They likewise was willing that it should be so.

The Joyner and his Wife they tarry'd below,
While she to her husband in her stead did go;
And when she came almost unto the Bed-side,
O why did'st thou tarry so long he reply'd.

She being not hasty to pull off her cloaths,
The Broker in kindness immediately rose,
With kisses he call'd her the joy of his life,
Supposing it had been the Joyners fair wife.

She softly did whisper, it is a great sin,
Which your fond allurements are drawing me in;
I ne'r in my life did commit such a crime,
And therefore I now am unwilling this time.

My dear be not fearful but let us enjoy,
Our freedom of pleasure, here none can annoy;
I'll give thee choice Jewels with plenty of Gold,
Let me not stand courting my love in the cold.

These large protestations I pray Sir forbear,
Since you have a Wife that is beauteous and fair;
Said he, she was never admired by me.

I love thee a thousand times better then she,
He knew not he talkt to his wife all the while,

At length she began for to rant and revile,
She teas'd him and tore him about in his shirt,
May kickt him and thump't him and beat him like dirt.

It was in the dark, and she having a Mask,
He thought that the Devil had took him to task:

The heat of her fury she never forbears,
Until she had tumb'd him headlong down stairs.

His head knees and Elbows was broke with the fall,
For mercy and pittie the Broker did call:

But yet such a peal in his ears she did ring,
He wish'd he had never attempted the thing.

The Joyner and his Wife they parted the fray,
But never a word of the Guineys did say,

Not yet the poor Broker, alas, for his life,
For fear of the anger and rage of his wife.

The Broker he said, my sweet Wife now forgive me,
This thing, and I'll ne'r do the like while I live;
In pittie she pardon'd her husband his crime,